

# THE FIFTY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

AMELIA BLOOMER,

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NO. 2.

## HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Let us hope for the best—it is better  
To struggle than yield to despair ;  
Hope breaketh each link of the fetter,  
And scoffs at the bondage of care ;  
It lightens the hand of affliction,  
It smileth at shadows and fears,  
And with the warm rays of conviction  
It drieth the valley of tears !  
Then throw off the sorrowful bond,  
Dispel the dark yoke from your breast ;  
Oh, who would submit and despond ?  
Better struggle and hope for the best !  
Let us hope for the best—never fear,  
Though lost in adversity's track ;  
To sigh or to let fall a tear,  
Will do little in guiding us back,  
Meet misfortune as you would a stranger ;  
Be cautious and quicken your pace,  
And shrink not in trial and danger,  
But meet the foe full in the face !  
Oh, who would turn off from the strife  
When the shafts of adversity pressed ?  
Who would flee the great battle of life ?  
Better struggle and—Hope for the Best !

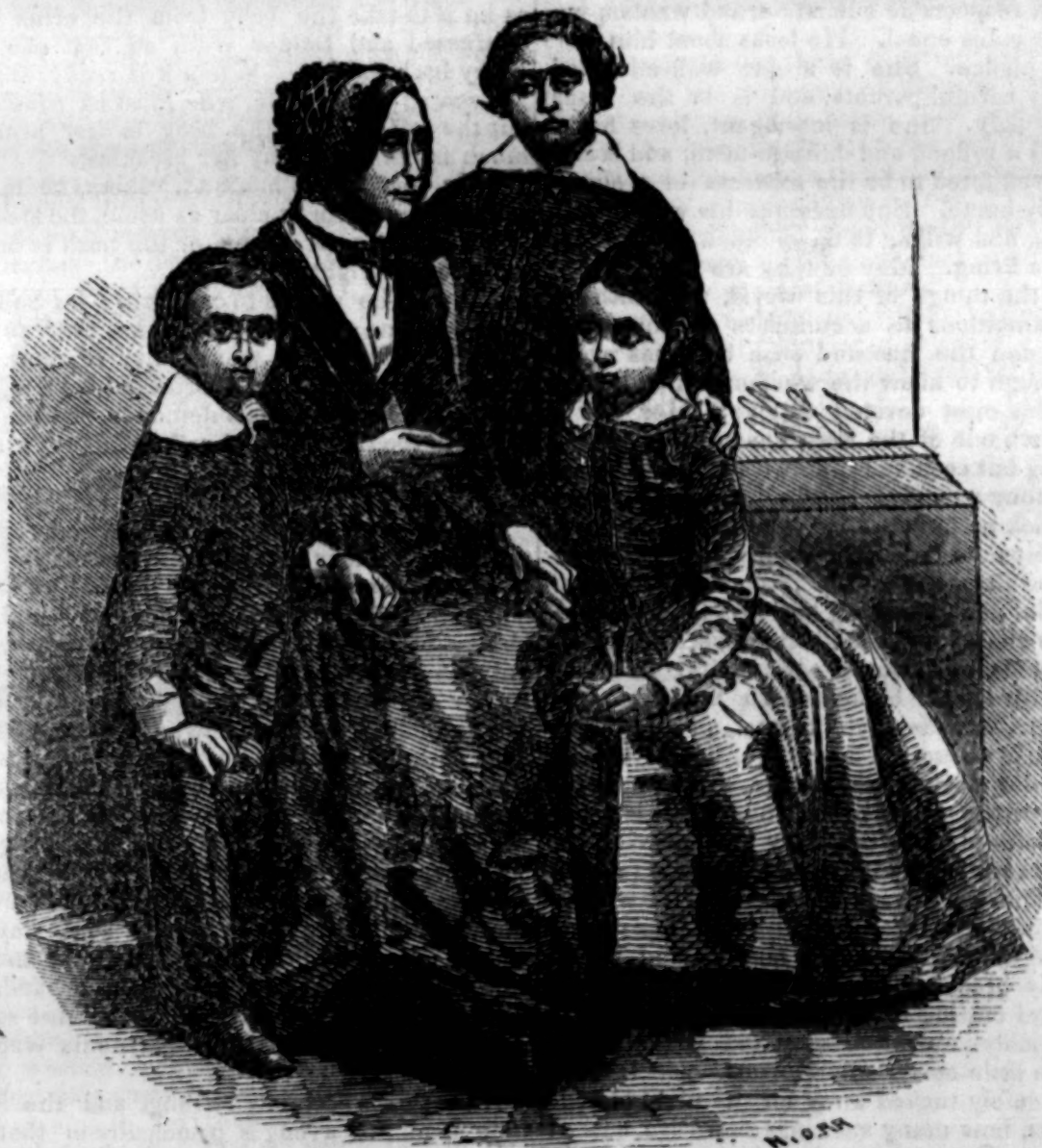
## A FLOWER THOUGHT.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

'Tis said, this world is full of care,  
And so it is ; but yet tis fair,  
And flowers are blooming all the way,  
And those who choose to pluck them may :—  
And if we gather each our share  
We'll find a flower for every care.  
Then let us wisely trim life's wreath ;  
A flower above, a care beneath ;  
Covering our griefs, as best we may,  
With violet hue, or rose bud-ray—  
Hiding each dark unsightly stem  
With some sweet bud or fragrant gem  
Of Holy love, or truth, or right,  
Which age can't sear, nor winter blight ;  
And thus dress up life's darkest hours,  
And make it all a world of flowers.

**DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.**—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a "happy home."—Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholster. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness ; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day ; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

A petition ninety-five feet in length, solid double columns, was sent from Worcester, Mass. to the Legislature of that State, for a law which shall prohibit the liquor traffic, on the principle of the Maine law. This petition bears the names of six thousand one hundred and thirteen citizens of that city.



KOSSUTH'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

## THE FAMILY OF KOSSUTH.

As everything relating to Kossuth at the present time is interesting, we present our readers with the picture of his heroic wife and children. The sufferings of Madame Kossuth are probably well known to our readers. A royal ban was placed upon all who should give her shelter or aid. "In various poor disguises she wandered about—was conveyed from place to place in peasant's carts—was frequently whole days without food—and, after four months of toil, anxiety and hardship, she reached "Shumla," in Turkey, and rejoined her husband soon after. For six months the children were in prison at Presburg, living upon coarse prisoners' fare, and refused the sympathy and kindness of friends. At last, liberated by the appeal of Madame Meszlenyi, Kossuth's sister, they were removed to Pesth, but still kept under the surveillance of the police. Here they excited great enthusiasm, and

when they walked out, the people, it is said, in the account we borrow from, "flocked round them ; shoemakers must make their shoes for nothing, tailors their clothes ; the country people brought them bread, flour, fowls, & all sorts of provisions ; and many a poor peasant who had but a couple of eggs, brought them. The children were looked upon as giving assurance of Kossuth's return. 'He never left his children,' said they ; 'he will come back, we shall have Kossuth again'. These demonstrations determined the government to let the children be sent to Kutaya, where their parents then were. They left Pesth in May, 1850, and on the occasion were the subject of quite a demonstration ; thousands flocked to see them off, and parted from them with regret."

The children at present are in England, where they are to be educated. [Carpet Bag.

There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.



### EVERY-DAY LIFE OF WOMAN.

**QUICKLY.**—Look you, I keep his house, and I wash, wring, bake, scour, dress meat, and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

**SIMPLE.**—'Tis a great change to come under one body's hand.

Kind reader, it is no fancy sketch that I am going to give you. It is drawn from life in all its reality; and in every city, village, country-town, and neighborhood, its truthfulness will be recognized. It is the every-day life of woman—woman in her domestic character—we intend portraying. Yes, woman, it is here, where thou art true to the nature thy Maker hath given thee, thou exallest, and art honored; long suffering, full of humble and generous affections, sacrificing thyself to the happiness of those thou lovest, and grateful to Heaven that of the two penalties the severest falls upon thee. Thy love is, indeed, the cynosure of life; never wandering from the one point, never faltering, never failing.

A young man arrives at an age when he thinks it time for him to get married, and settle down. He has a respectable education, and wants a woman who is his equal. He looks about him, and makes a choice. She is a girl well educated, reared by careful parents, and is in the truest sense, a lady. She is intelligent, loves books, possesses a refined and delicate taste, and is in all points, well fitted to be the mistress of a cheerful, happy home. She becomes his wife; is industrious, and willing to do as much as she can towards a living. May be they are not very well off as to the things of this world, and both are equally ambitious to accumulate a comfortable property and the husband soon becomes avaricious enough to allow the woman of his love to become his most devoted drudge: Her life is thenceforth one of the most unremitting toil. It is nothing but cook and bake, wash dishes, thrash about among pots and kettles, wash and iron, churn, pick up chips, draw water, and a thousand other things "to tedious too mention."

The result is, the husband soon owns the house he lives in, and something besides; takes his ease when he chooses, reads and improves his mind, and becomes important in community. But the cares of his faded, broken-down wife know no relaxation. The family enlarges, and she, poor woman, has enough to do without finding time to increase her stock of knowledge, or to watch the progress of the minds of her children. It is therefore, no fault of her's that they are growing up with characteristics and habits of a doubtful tendency. There is always the measles, the whooping-cough, worm fever, or summer complaint, or something of that sort in the family; and Will is constantly breaking his head, and bruising his knees, and cutting his fingers; and Ned and Sue are invariably in need of soap and water. And when the little noisy, mischievous, yet beloved flock are safely tucked away for the night in beds and cribs, how many stockings there are out at the heels and toes; how many jackets out at the elbows, and trowsers out at the knees! What a variety of cross-grained holes in frocks, and how many buttons and hooks and eyes off, all to be mended.

The only wonder is, that the mother does not sink within this circle of everlasting drudgery, which deprive her of the privilege of relaxation for a day, and the time which she would gladly devote to the maternal education of her children. She is occupied from morning to night, in unending round of duties and cares, mistress, mother, and maid of all work. Her mind, though craving knowledge, cannot seek it; for she is generally too much fatigued by the exertions of the day to seek it after the noisy little group are out of the way, and she is done darning and patching. Husband comes in now, and reads from some book or newspaper. He wonders why she is so little interested, and may be, very gently hints at her deficiencies in this respect. Yes, amid all these cares and this drudgery, he would have her satisfied and happy, sit by his side like Klopstock's Medea, "looking so still in his sweet face."

In the morning, as soon as the birds begin their songs, the little flock are out of bed. Then come the washings and dressings; the busy mother needs twenty hands, since as many wants are poured in upon her distracted ears. It's "Mother, where's my jacket?" "Mother I can't get the knot out of my shoe-string;" or, "I've broke my shoe-string." "Mother, I want a pin." "Mother, Ned is spattering me with soap-suds." Mother, mayn't I wear my pink dress or new apron? By this time the baby wakes, and opens his infantine battery of screams. In scolding Ned—the naughty rogue, so full of fun and frolic—and helping the rest, and quieting the baby, the minutes fly. Husband comes in with,

"Goodness, wife, ain't breakfast ready yet?—It's ten minutes past eight. I've been waiting for more than an hour."

"You forgot that I have all the children to see to, and the baby is very fretful this morning," replies the wife.

Silenced but not convinced, the husband is quite as apt to take the newspaper and sit down, as he is to take the baby from the arms of his oppressed and tender wife, so that she could hurry his breakfast. When it is ready, and they are seated at the table, wife must as usual, pour out the coffee with the baby in her arms, too much fatigued to enjoy her breakfast.

"My dear," says husband, "seems to me the coffee is not quite as clear as usual, the steak is a little too rare or overdone, or the hash is not seasoned quite right."

Not that he means to complain; for he knows how desirous she is to please him, ever to say a word intentionally to wound her feelings. But these slight hints to an overtasked woman, amid her gentle but imperious demands, are often irritating to the feelings, and call up many a sharp, caustic reply, of which she repents in five minutes after.

Thus many a woman breaks and sinks beneath the wear and tear of the frame and of the affections. She rallies before the world, and "her children rise up and call her blessed," and she is blessed in conscious attempts to discharge her duty—but cares eat at her heart—the day presses on her with new toils, the night comes, and they are unfulfilled, she lies down in weariness, and rises with uncertainty; her smiles become languid and few, and her husband wonders at the gloominess of his home. When married he thought the chosen of his heart his equal in intelligence, but now, she is far his inferior. Poor soul! I wonder she had even courage to think of a book, she who must care for body and soul, day and night; who must pray for, teach, guide and rule her own household; while her busy hands and feet are ever active in giving meat in due season, and seeing to it that their garments were not cold.

Now, this is certainly wrong, and the foundation of all this wrong is principally in that avaricious spirit, the standard of respectability. The money expended for help in the house looks so large to some men, that so long as their meals are cooked, their shirts, cravats, and colliers are in order, not a button off, their stockings darned, etc. they don't trouble themselves about the circumstances under which these things have been done. These wives may do the most menial drudgery, toil early and late, if they do not complain too much: and become old, withered, sallow, nervous, broken-down women, twenty years before their time, and frequently give place to a second wife, to come into the share of the property that the first should have enjoyed through a quiet old age of rest.

We hope to see the day when there shall be a reform in this thing. We call upon women to engage in this reform—for I feel that many of you are deeply in the fault of avarice—and show husbands that life can be enjoyed more truly by the preservation of the health and beauty, accomplishments and good graces, of their companions; that if they would have intelligent, orderly children, neat houses, good dinners, and smiling

wives, they must not be too willing to occupy the time that should be devoted to their own improvement and the training of their children, in the most menial drudgery. It is the opinion of a great man, that the perfection of a society consists in the "division of labor," and a humble housekeeper agrees with him. [Ladies' Repos.

### Equality of Rights to Woman.—No. 6.

Is woman fitted for self-government, and is self-government fitted for woman? This is a question which I have in a previous number proposed to discuss. The point which naturally first presents itself, is, what are we to understand by self-government?

Happily for individual rights, there is a power independent of partisan associations, and beyond the reach of Governors, or Presidents, or any class of men who hold themselves out to the world as peculiarly politicians. That power is in public opinion.

In this particular, however, our form of government is not singular from others. The vital power of all governments is in public opinion.—With his despotic rule intact, so far as the organization of government is concerned, the Emperor of Russia could not be a despot here. Public opinion would be a power around his throne, with barriers impassable to his absolute pretensions.—Animate his subjects throughout his vast dominions with the conventionalisms which predominate here, and his authority would be equally limited.

But there is one feature wherein our form of government is radically different from others; and that one feature comprehends all the essential elements of self-government. In monarchies, and kindred institutions, those who direct the government functions, hold within their authority not only the actions, but the thoughts and faith, religious and civil, of the individual subjects.

Public opinion being only the aggregate of individual opinions, is thereby absolutely within their power. Consequently the first thing learned in childhood, and the last thing taught in age, are equally in accordance with the proscriptions as marked by State authority. Here, the noble in his carriage, and the peasant on foot by the wayside, are instructed very diversely as to their respective rights, and relative positions in the great family compact; but all alike learn this one duty, devotion to the person of the sovereign, as superior to all other relations and obligations to God and man. Even to believe in a "higher law" is treason to the government, and subjects a man to be regarded as an outlaw in the land of his fathers. In this way hereditary despotism not only executes the sovereign power, but controls and conforms the elements of that power to merit its selfish designs.

Our government reaches only the actions of men. Their thoughts and faith, in their formation or expression, are not subject to the supervision of the government, but entirely under the control of individual guardianship. Therefore, those who execute the different functions of government, have no authority to dictate individual sentiments, or prescribe, or proscribe their expression. Thus public opinion, the power of the government, remains the empire of every individual in the government, each entitled to an equal share—each alike a subject, and each alike a ruler, and each a star in that empire, in magnitude just proportioned to the impression which he is enabled to make upon the public mind by the comparative degree of intelligence and mental energy brought into activity upon any particular subject. While those who execute the several functions of government, from the highest to the lowest, are, so far as official prerogatives are concerned, but the subordinate agents, or servants of that power, with no right of ultimate authority in any possible contingency. It is then absurd to assume that they are rulers by reason of their official position, and equally so, that the exigencies of our government require for them, or the stations they occupy, any kind, or measure of idolatry whatever.



And it seems to be equally erroneous that the vital power of our government is vested exclusively in those who exercise the right of suffrage.—The matter of voting, important as it is, is but a subordinate agency in our governmental organism and by no means the momentum, which puts and keeps the machine in motion. We might as well assume, that the man who feeds the fires, or attends the engine, is the engine itself, or the impetus that propels it. So in the animal economy, it would be as reasonable that the hands, and arms, and the other subordinate parts, were the vital powers. The living potency of all civil government is centered in public opinion. There is the sustaining and driving power—the heart of the system. In republican governments, the business of voting and doing other services in carrying that living energy into effect, are but the arteries—the pulsations—the animal organs, which conduct the benefits and blessings of that energy to the different parts of the system. If this is not the correct view of self-government—of republicanism, as contra-distinguished from other forms, let those who differ point out where, and in what we can find it.

With self-government thus defined, we are prepared to examine more in detail the reasons for excluding woman from political franchises. And here, perhaps, I ought to anticipate, that if all these rights and duties are but subordinate agencies, those who cavil at woman's claims, may ask somewhat exultingly, why then make any ado about it? Since they are not excluded from interposition in the direction of public opinion, of what consequence is it, that they are not permitted to perform the ordinary services in giving effect to that opinion? This is my answer: The denial of a direct representative voice in the affairs of government, to them in effect taboos the whole subject of politics. It is a natural consequence, if they are not permitted an active part and the whole is proclaimed conventionally a sealed book, they will regard it as indifferent, if not sacrilegious, to look into it. We could easily understand, that it would make but little difference whether one, or any one of our leading statesman should vote, or not, at a general election. But it could not be denied, but that the continued denial of a right to vote from early manhood down, would have changed the destiny of every one of them. They are all human, and to expect development without effort, effort without inducement, application without hope, or action without motive, is looking for something either below, or above human. Political empire is an empire of intelligence. Ignorance holds a subordinate place. Hence a general diffusion of intelligence, is always a general diffusion of power, and if the department of political rights is tabooed to any particular class, ignorance of that department to that class follows, and as a matter of course a corresponding weakness.

Our adversaries do not deny the capacities of woman to learn, or think, or reason, or express their thoughts with practical energy. Such a doctrine would have no believers in any of its parts. It is conceded on all hands, that woman in the round of her maternal duties, has given the outline—the form, the tone and elevation to the great portion of even those masculine intellects, which have peculiarly marked the several ages in which they have lived, and it seems to be anticipated, that she is to continue that auxiliary duty to the opposite sex in the present and all future generations. And yet, this is the being, who, in the middle of the 19th century, among the people, foremost of all the earth in the advancement of individual rights, does not come up sufficiently high in the scale of humanity, to be admitted to the ordinary rights of citizenship!—where such privileges are common to every thing in the male line, though lacking the intelligence and decency of a brute! Preposterous as it is, the reasons upon which its advocates base its propriety, are more so still, as I propose to show in my next number.

SENEX.

Written for The Lily.

## NO COMPROMISE WITH ERROR.

Truth, tested by the only true standard, God and Nature, must triumph. This is the foundation of all true philosophy; and all human reasoning is futile unless it bears this test. The true rights of humanity are founded in the laws of nature, and consequently are natural rights. The first grand division of nature to secure re-production, is sex. Each division, possessing its peculiar qualities, alike destitute of the power of separate existence, is equally dependent on the other; and from the first definite trace of sexual distinction in the vegetable kingdom, through all its varieties, up through every grade of animals, sexual equality, and reciprocity exist in complete harmony until we reach our species. Does nature demand this arbitrary inequality in humanity? Is one sex more human than the other? Are the masculine qualities more necessary than the feminine? Are the natural claims of maternity superior to those of maternity? All nature answers No! And, as we trace the dark history of our race from the distant records of the past, down through the long benighted ages to the brightening present, till our blood chills with the horrible descriptions of the desolating wars, and all the incalculable cruelties that have marked their career; we see only the natural effects of denying the claims of maternity, of despising and rejecting the heart's holiest affections, of which the mothers of mankind are the natural guardians; and cultivating the baser passions, and maintaining their superiority by brute force; until man claimed, not only the universe as created for him, but that woman too was only his menial, made expressly to minister to his wants.

Not satisfied with this perversion of nature, he has ascribed to his God, attributes corresponding with his own desires. And, as he destroys his fellow man, and tears asunder the dearest ties by deeds of the darkest cruelty, and rushes madly on in his wild career of military glory, he ascribes his victories to the approbation of Deity, and with hands dripping with innocent blood, gives thanks to God. The crushed and heart-broken mother, whose children have been torn from her embrace to murder, and be murdered to advance his fame, is taught that woman has no right to a voice in the laws by which she is governed,—no legal interest in the destiny of her offspring; that she is made subject to him, and her claims are vested in his, by divine authority. Does Nature proclaim such a God? Thanks to the precepts of the true Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth! Thanks to the pure Spirit, the inspiration of the Almighty that gives understanding! Thanks to the light of science, that proves Nature's God true to Nature's claims, that opens to mortals the bright fountain of wisdom, before which bigotry and prejudice, must pass away to their native darkness—man is beginning to see that it is no light thing to deny the natural rights of one half our race—to withhold the development and dissemination of those feminine qualities that nature designed to blend with the masculine, in the production of human harmony.

When moral power is needed, and man feels his qualities insufficient, he wisely calls for the aid of woman; but fears to give her legal power, lest her qualities should become masculine. Fear not, dear brothers, they are inherent & as unchanging as sex; and are as necessary to the right government of mankind as the latter is to its reproduction. Did the superior moral sympathies, and affections of the feminine, possess the same legal power as the superior physical qualities of the masculine, wars and their associate vices would soon cease to desolate our earth, and military chieftains would no longer rule in Christian lands. We see a happy change where woman's influence is respected; but she must ever remain powerless, while might withholds right, and her claims to equal interest in the welfare of posterity are denied.

But humanity must and does progress; and, when we reflect that within 250 years, "respectable young women," have been sent from England, (the most enlightened nation in Christendom,) to the Virginia colony, and sold for 100 lbs. of tobacco each, to the American planters for wives, we, white ladies, should congratulate ourselves that we have become unmerchable; and that our colored sisters, though still in the shambles, are no longer at par with the filthy noxious weed; but command a hundred fold more in "respectable cash." I am quite sure if we are permitted to look down from the celestial spheres 250 years hence, we shall see our millennial posterity read the records of our day with a still deeper blush of shame at the degradation of their ancestors.

JANE FRODOCK.

WALNUT GROVE, Jan. 1852.

**FASHION A TYRANT EVERYWHERE.**—The Chinese consider it the perfection of beauty in the feet of the women, that they be extremely small. In order to produce this result, they bind the feet of female children, so as to prevent them from growing. It is a cruel practice, as will be seen from the following account from Mrs. Bridgman.

"Every two or three days my ears are assailed by the screams of distress from a little child in a neighbor's house. The louder she cries with the pain, the tighter the old grand-mother (for it is her business) draws the bandages, as I can see from my window. Yet, if I ask the girls of my school which they prefer, large or small feet, they say, 'The small feet are so pretty!' Such is the effect of fashion."

But has fashion no willing subjects in this Christian land? Do not multitudes eagerly obey it, even when its commands subject them to torture? [Exchange.]

You might as well ask if the sun shines in this Christian land! Do you not see the distorted figures of the women, as they pass before you? Look at their wasp-like waists, and if you are a physiologist, just imagine the condition of the ribs, and the vital organs within. The account of surgeons in regard to the condition of our women are fearful. They say a perfect specimen for anatomical purposes, can scarce be found. The compression of the feet does not compare in its injurious effects upon the whole woman, with that of the waist. How many parents, whose hopes are all centered on a lovely daughter, will coolly contemplate the daily, hourly torture, to which she is subjected in being put through a fashionable mould. The girl utters no screams of distress; she never admits even, that she is tightly dressed; for any girl of common sense knows her parents would far rather she would die fashionably, than live an oddity. Any woman in our land, will with the greatest self-complacency, say, "how absurd!" at the bare mention of the Chinese feet; yet she cannot see the absurdity of a tight waist and a long petticoat. It is sad, to see how soon the gay romping girl in her short loose clothes, can be changed into a demure, lifeless, unimpassioned statue, by being encased in long robes, and compressed in a merciless bodice! It is vain to hope that she will take pleasure in a brisk walk, an active game, or gymnastic exercises, with her dwarfed lungs, and lapped ribs. She feels more comfortable at rest. A woman must have an uncommon amount of superfluous steam to enjoy a romp at any time under the present system.

E. C. S.

**A HARD HIT.**—"I am glad," said a reverend Missionary to an Indian chief, "that you do not drink rum; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah! yes," said the red man, and he fixed his impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of rum, but we do not make it."

☞ Catharine Mann, an intemperate woman, was frozen to death in Newark, N. J., on Tuesday night.



Written for The Lily.  
**LETTERS TO MOTHERS.—NO. 3.**

**TEA PARTIES, TALKING, AND EATING.**

We derive our highest, purest pleasures, from a mutual exchange of our thoughts and feelings with each other, and yet the mass of us suffer from our inability to clothe our thoughts with words. Go into an evening party, where people are thrown upon their conversation for amusement, and with pity contemplate their vain efforts to keep the ball in motion. One exclaims, "how stiff it is here!" another, "do let us start a dance, or some game!" but the greater part brace themselves against the wall, and there wait some outward excitement to call them out; as if, having put on their best bib and tucker, gracefully entered the parlor, courtesied to the lady of the house, and taken their seats, nothing more remained for them to do. There is no greater humbug extant, than the present type of tea-parties. No wonder the men, who have been accustomed to the excitements of the forum, political meetings, club-rooms, and jovial dinners, feel the most unmitigated contempt for our weak efforts at sociability. Without the aid of cards, and the violin, it would require the skill and tact of a Talleyrand, and the strength of an Hercules to redeem them from hopeless stupidity. But when woman becomes what she should be, a thinking, reasoning, harmoniously developed being, then the parlor will surpass all other resorts, for social enjoyment, and intellectual improvement. Many good people will frown down dancing and card-playing, and even leave the house where such horrid things are tolerated. They think there must be some peculiar depravity in minds that require this sort of excitement; but they will do nothing themselves, to prevent what they condemn. Why do they not get up some "mutual improvement society," or literary club, for the benefit of those just coming on the stage? There are higher duties for christians to perform in society, than to mourn over its evils. If you would banish rum, gaming and balls, from the list of enjoyments, you must supply the young with more exciting substitutes. The human mind must have excitement, and those people who are stamped as the chief of sinners, because they demand something more for their existence than merely eating, drinking and sleeping, are by no means the lowest class of mind in community. The pleasure derived from a scientific game of cards, is of a much higher order than that felt in taking a cup of coffee and a hot roll; but that of cultivated, high toned conversation, is, of course, far above either.

"But," say the Mothers, "what have we to do with all this?" We have much to do with it, inasmuch as we Mothers are responsible for all the sin, ignorance, folly, vice, and weakness of our children. It lies with us, to redeem our race, by placing the young in different circumstances, and surrounding them by new and better modes of development. Tradition tells us, it was a headless girl who opened Pandora's box, and scattered disease and death on all sides; and shall not the true, full-grown woman, retrieve this false step of her youth, by gathering up all the evils of society, and putting them under lock and key once more? If we would have our children seek the society of the wise and good, we must prepare them for it. We must teach them to talk, to use their own language with ease, and propriety, that they may freely speak of what they have seen, heard, thought and felt. We must teach them to tell stories, and anecdotes; to write choice pieces of poetry and prose. We should inform them on all subjects, as fast as they are capable of comprehending us. When we have company, instead of banishing our children to the nursery or kitchen, we should have them in the parlor, and at the table, and let them feel some responsibility in entertaining our guests. Their questions should be answered, and they should be allowed to take part in the conversa-

tion. In this way, they would be fitted for the best society—that of intelligent, educated, gifted people. Being well informed on all subjects, and having thoroughly mastered the King's English, their thoughts and language would flow freely and easily. Now think you men and women thus educated, meeting at a social gathering, would sit round the room, stiff, and still, like so many wall flowers—or be driven to the miserable device of cards, dancing, or suppers, for their enjoyment? Think you our sires, and sons, accustomed to an atmosphere of purity and peace in their cheerful homes, where gifted, highly cultivated mothers, and daughters, with enlarged views, lofty sentiments, great heads and hearts, are found fit companions for the greatest and best of men, would exchange hours with these, for the coarse companionship, and rude jests, of vulgar bar-room rowdies, or the exhilaration of cards and rum? No! never! Such scenes would have no attractions for those fitted for higher and purer enjoyments.

If we, who have sons and daughters just coming on the stage, would save them from the vices of our times, we must do more than denounce and pray. We must cultivate the spiritual in ourselves, and appeal to it, in our children. Our time and thoughts, are now almost wholly given to the animal. What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and where-withal shall we be clothed, is the sum and substance of our existence. Now I propose to the Mothers of our village—inasmuch as we Seneca's are a peculiar people, independent and original, given to inventions, experiments, and innovations—that we introduce a new kind of parties, to differ from the old style in these particulars:

1st. There shall be no eatables. Health of body and mind require that food should be taken regularly and not oftener than three times a day; and that is sufficient to condemn these night suppers, to say nothing of the expense, labour and confusion, incident to their preparation.

2d. Every one shall come prepared with something to say—tell of some new discovery, interesting event, some social or political revolution, read an original essay, tell some beautiful story, or anecdote, make a speech, give a recitation, sing a song, or play some fine piece of music. Pray let us make an attempt to redeem our spiritual natures from the fogs and mists of the overgrown animal. What better is the glutton than the drunkard? God never meant we should live to eat, but eat to live. We need have no fears of the human family eating too little, where there is abundance. When hungry, one can enjoy a very simple repast, and no one should eat unless impelled by hunger.

This reminds me to say a word of a very common complaint among children, namely, "worms." This seems to be a kind of pet disease among mothers. No matter what peculiar manifestations a child makes, whether mental or physical, the mother at once attributes it to worms, and commences forthwith with vermifuge, pink root, salts and senna, a war of extermination upon these little benefactors of ill-fed children. For know ye, you tender-hearted, loving mothers, that feed your children on candy, pies and cake; you, who keep their stomachs on the rack, in all their waking hours—that but for those little worms, your children could never go through a course of maternal feeding. See that your children live simply and regularly; that they eat plain nutritious food, and that but three times a day. Let them take plenty of exercise in the open air, and depend upon it, you will be no longer troubled by the attentions of the worm family. They being convinced of your capacity to take care of your own children, will of course feel justified in leaving you, to go where their services are more needed.

E. C. S.

The Lock-up in the new jail in Boston, is too small to accommodate the crowd of drunkards that are picked up on Saturdays and Sunday nights.

**EXTRACT FROM MRS. L. F. FOWLER'S  
INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BEFORE  
THE CLASS OF CENTRAL MEDICAL  
COLLEGE, ROCHESTER, NOV. 4, 1851.**

The first investigation into the nature and qualifications of Woman to advance one step beyond the frivolities of life, whatever may be the motive that induces it, is termed in a wholesale way by some, a desire to disrobe woman of her femininity, to have her exchange places with the other sex.

We cannot gainsay the fact that to woman is committed the care of children; that her immediate sphere is as a queen bee in the bosom of her family; that her strongest susceptibilities are touched when she is addressed as a mother. But this is the strongest reason why woman should awake from her mental and physical coma, why she should no longer bathe in the Lethean waters of ignorance and indolence, but be developed physically and mentally. Because woman is the mother of her children, because she has in her hand harps of ten thousand strings to tune, because she has to rear and train her offspring for time and eternity, should she hide the heaven-born aspirations of her soul, and be a nonentity? Then were she illy prepared for her mission.—No, she has inward struggles for usefulness. She desires to do something besides eating, drinking and sleeping. She feels that she has a spark of the divinity within her, which she yearns to mature. Shall bounds be placed to the acquisition of knowledge by her? Shall the limits be prescribed in which she shall walk? Look at the broad expanse of Heaven! Does not its cerulean blue beam to gladden every soul? or are there a few chosen spirits who shall be permitted to gaze heavenward, and receive the in-dwellings of the emanations from divinity, to the exclusion of the majority, or any who thirst and hunger for new lights, new truths, and the same great blessings? Do the multitude of shining orbs that girt our canopy at night, that find a response to the love of the beautiful within us, speak to but a few, or is the unwritten music of the spheres for all whose souls are attuned to its melody?

Has not God lavishly poured out his vital air around the globe for all his creatures to be the recipients of its health-giving properties? The heaving and rolling ocean, majestic in its swellings, terrible in its wrath, bears all on its bosom who desire to behold it, or embark on its billows. Does Niagara refuse its roar, or arrest its ceaseless flow, when the mother in the sublimity of her nature, worships at the shrine of her God through the works of his hand?

No, nature is free for all to enjoy. We can find nothing in nature to declare that woman shall not develop her whole being. Shall she merely gaze at the resplendent orbs of night, with a vacant, listless air? or shall she understand the laws that regulate and control those systems of worlds, if she have the genius for it, and so of all the other systems of philosophy and science?

No complaint is heard if woman spend half of her nights at the opera, ball room and fashionable party, or her whole morning in making heartless calls on hundreds for whom in reality she has not a spark of sympathy, beyond external influences. But if she spend a tithe of the time that she would otherwise waste, in intellectual pursuits, if she aspires to drink at the fountains of knowledge when, perhaps, that very knowledge might save the lives of her family, she is told that she must not be seen without the pale of the nursery.

There are a few narrow minded persons who say that woman should not understand the art of Esculapius, that she is so refined and delicate, that she should not understand the coarse organization that she has to locomote from day to day for many years, when her nature is so well adapted to minister to the sick and weary ones of earth—when her keen sympathies could so often gladden the depressed in spirit. She is allowed to take upon herself the toil and weariness of watching by the bedside of the dying, but if she venture



to know anything about diagnosis, the prognosis, or different stages of disease, she is stepping over the limits. Then if she have children, she must not know anything about their diseases—must have the prescriptions of a Physician in all cases, and must even let them die before her, because she knows nothing about the effects of medicine or the treatment of disease.

Now there are some women who are peculiarly fitted to investigate the laws of life, and who could at least minister to their own sex by their counsel, sympathy, and quick perception of their difficulties. These have a heaven-born baptism to follow out the instincts of their being, and whoever may say aught against it, the general recognition will be perceived at no distant day.

The waters of the deluge of Error have remained about long enough on the earth. The doves are fluttering at the windows with olive branches, in their mouths, to usher in a millennial day of light and truth, and to announce that as long as the many gifts emanate from one spirit they should be improved irrespectively of sex or condition in life.

## THE LILY.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1852.

### MORE FRUITS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The New-York Daily Times says that two infants (twins) born on Sunday, died on Friday, of last week, from exposure to cold and starvation. The mother is the unhappy wife of a drunkard, who the week before was sent to the penitentiary for mal-treating her. For weeks this wretched woman lived in a dark closet under the stairs, without any bedding whatever, and without any food but such as she obtained from begging.—After she was stripped of her children, and every thing comforting to the human soul and body, the cold-blooded city authorities, diverted their attention from Kossuth long enough to send this more than murdered woman to the alms house, the common receptacle of political wretchedness.

[Carson League.

Who can read such a tale of suffering as this, and then say that woman has all the rights she wants? Who will say it is not woman's business to meddle with the laws that suffer, and the agents of law, who produce such misery? Who will say it is not her right, and her duty, to demand from our legislators protection for the innocent, and for the guilty, punishment commensurate with their deeds? Who that has a heart to feel, can read this tale of woe without his bosom swelling with anguish for the cruelly wronged woman, and her babes, and almost to bursting with hate towards the inhuman traffic, and the traffickers who make human happiness and life their sport!

"The unhappy wife of a drunkard!" Oh! how much of woe is pronounced in that short sentence! If one such case as the above can thrill the heart, and cause a shudder to run through the frame, what should we feel when we know that this is but an every day scene, and that ten thousand drunkard's wives are equally unhappy, equally wretched, in this land of peace and plenty! Who would believe, were not the facts too glaring to admit of doubt, that in this enlightened and christian land, in a christian city, where millions are lavished to build splendid palaces and churches, that such a scene of misery could exist. Who could believe that a human being—one of the "weaker sex," too, whom men love to have dependent on them, whose delicate form,

if we may believe their words, they would shield from the rude touch of man, and the rough wind of heaven—whom they profess to protect, and whose rights and interests they pretend to guard with jealous care—could be thus left to the merciless cruelties of man, and to bring forth her young in a dark loathsome hole, to suffer and to die from cold and starvation!

And is this the boasted protection which we are to receive from man? Is it to such a state that our dependence on him will lead? Oh woman! be not deceived with idle words! Believe not that you are a weak, irresponsible being, and that it is for you to rest solely upon man's strength, and to submit unmurmuringly to the fate he brings upon you! Oh! woman! if you have a spark of life in your soul, if you have a feeling of mercy towards your sex, if you have the pride which belongs to a noble spirit in your heart, arouse from the lethargy, which has fallen upon you and gird yourself for the deliverance of your sorrowing and oppressed sisters, from the hands of cruel men!

Was this woman a sinner, more than we, that such woes have been visited upon her! Who knows but she was the idol of fond parents, cradled in luxury and reared with tender care! Who knows with what a joyous and happy heart she gave her hand to him who was her heart's choice, and who vowed before God and men, to love, cherish, and protect her forever! Who can tell the happiness that was her's for a brief space, and who depict the heart's anguish when the 'serpent of the still' stole into her Eden, and made sad havoc among her treasures! How often is woman's trusting and confiding love made the sport of vile and wicked men! How often does the very weakness, delicacy and dependence which we are told is so becoming in woman, prove her ruin!

Had the miserable woman whose sufferings are recorded above, been taught self dependence, she had never been reduced to this low and wretched state. Had she believed herself an equal with man, and not his subject, she never would have submitted to the abuses of the worse than brute who claims to be her master, nor dragged out her days tied to his loathsome carcass in a dark and dreary hole. Did the wives of all drunkards know that they have no master but God,—that they are their own, and not the property of man—that woman is endowed with the same wants and capacities, and entitled to the same rights and privileges with him, they would not long wear the yoke of slavery; and man would not long continue to imbrute and degrade himself and her. So far as woman leads, so far will the cause of temperance progress. Until she does her part to the utmost, we have little hope for man's redemption from evil, or her emancipation from his bondage.

☞ We have another "Tale of Truth," from Mrs. GAGE, but owing to the late hour at which we received it, must keep it for next month. This, and many letters from our western friends, were for a long time under a snow bank, some where, and did not thaw out till a few days since.

☞ The "Spiritual Rappers" are at Nashua—in the Central Hotel. The 'vibrations' are made in tumblers—with a toddy stick.

## FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

We are glad to learn that the number of lady students at the Medical Colleges are increasing, and that they have thus far been very successful. Eight ladies graduated from the Female Medical College of Philadelphia, on the 30th of December. The names are as follows: Hannah E. Longshore, Philadelphia; Anna M. Longshore, Bucks Co. Pa.; Angenette A. Hunt, New York; Mrs. Martha M. Swain, Boston, Mass; Ann Preston, Phebe Way, Susanna H. Ellis, Chester Co. Pa.; Mrs. Frances G. Mitchell, Philadelphia; late of England.

The majority of the class now attending are from Pa. Three however are from this State, two from New Jersey, one from Virginia, and one from Ohio.

Boston has a flourishing Female College. The College at Syracuse in this State, we believe, has its class of lady students; and at Rochester there is a large class in the Eclectic Medical College, under the instruction of Mrs. L. F. Fowler, of New York, who is one of the Professors of the Institution. The *Cleveland Herald*, gives an account of the great success of the ladies who have attended the Medical Lectures in that city.

Providence, R. I., has a Female Physician, Miss M. H. Mowry, who is said to have the most extensive and successful practice of any physician in that city. Boston has its Harriet K. Hunt, and New York its Elizabeth Blackwell. All this proves that woman has capacities which will enable her to master any profession; and all that is needed is for her to enter upon the new field to which a few noble pioneers have led the way. Prejudice is fast giving way before the light of the present day, and ere long it will be no strange thing to see a female physician in every community. Other avenues of usefulness and profit will open to woman just so fast as she earnestly seeks to enter them, and will herself lead the way.

## THE MAMMOTH PETITION.

There was a grand rally of the friends of temperance at Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 21st ult., on the occasion of the presentation of the Mammoth Petition of the people of Massachusetts to their Legislature, for the Maine liquor law. An organization was effected, speeches made, &c., when a procession was formed to bear the great roll to the Legislature. The procession was very long. The petition was placed in a double sleigh, accompanied by the committee appointed to present it. Before it, was borne a banner, on which was inscribed—"The voice of Massachusetts, 130,000 petitioners in favor of the Maine Temperance Law." After passing through several streets the procession reached the State House, where a large crowd had assembled to witness the presentation. The Representative chamber and galleries were crowded. The Committee, Marshall, and other officials, bore the huge roll of signatures into the State House, and deposited it in the area in front of the Speaker's desk. It was then formally presented to the House in a short and eloquent speech by Mr. Smith, of Chelsea, and afterwards referred to a joint special committee.

The procession then returned to Tremont Temple, where the meeting was resumed.



### WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

In another column will be found the proceedings of the Woman's Temperance Convention held in Albany last week. The notice of this meeting was short and limited, yet we are happy to know that the right spirit was enlisted, and that every thing passed off to the satisfaction of those engaged in the movement. It is a source of joy to us to see women thus arousing to a true sense of the great evils of intemperance, and of their own responsibilities and duties in regard to it; and we hope the zeal now enkindled will not again sleep till our land is rid of the curse which has so long rested with crushing weight upon woman.

The Convention was held at so late a day that we are unable to publish any of the addresses or letters in this number; but we hope in our next to present them in part, if not at length.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION at Albany, commencing on the 27th ult. exceeded any thing of the kind ever before attempted in this State. The attendance of delegates at the meetings of the several Societies and Orders was very large, fully representing every section of the State. On Wednesday a Grand Procession was formed, consisting of all the temperance organizations, which, having traversed the city, proceeded to the Capitol, and took possession of the Assembly Chamber, having been invited by that branch of the Legislature. The Chamber was crowded with a highly enthusiastic assemblage, the members of Assembly remaining in the Hall and listening to the eloquent addresses delivered by Herman Camp, the President of the State Society, Rev. John Marsh, Dr. Jewett, W. H. Burleigh, and others. Only a portion of the procession being able to get into the Capitol, the remainder passed into the State Street Baptist Church, which was filled to overflowing. Here also eloquent speeches were made and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed.

In the evening of the same day, large meetings were held in several of the churches, and were addressed by distinguished advocates of the cause. On the day following a State Temperance Alliance was formed, and the closing meetings of the several societies held. Throughout, the proceedings were interesting in the highest degree, and cannot fail to result in great good to the cause.

☞ We are cheered by the hearty responses we daily receive from near and distant friends, and the "material aid" which they furnish us—Their words of approval and encouragement lighten our labors, and gladden the heart.

They have our thanks for their kind remembrance of us, and their efforts to disseminate the great principles of truth, which they sustain and love.

We have room on our books for a few thousand more names, and we care not how soon our friends send them along.

☞ The petition of the ladies of this village for a law prohibiting the liquor traffic contained about four hundred signatures. This was not as well as we hoped to do, but owing to the severe cold weather, and want of energy on the part of the ladies, the village was not thoroughly canvassed.

### ANOTHER WOMAN IN THE FIELD.

We are glad to see that T. W. Brown has associated his sister, Miss Emma Brown, with him in the publication of the Cayuga Chief. Miss Emma wrote us not long since that she was not an advocate of woman's rights; but we were quite sure she fibbed a little—for did we not know that she outstepped 'woman's sphere' long ago, and that for three years she had worked at the case in a printing office, and in her brother's absence attended to the general business of the office? And now she comes boldly before the public as one of the publishers of The Chief. If this is not advocating woman's rights, we know not what is.

Friend Emma may not *preach* woman's rights, but she certainly practices them to a great extent; while we preach, and practice too, so far as we can. We do not set type, and Emma does; and here she has the start of us in being master of a trade. But we do many other things which she does not, in which we have the start of her. And so we are about even. Both doing what we can for the good of the public—both advocating woman's rights *practically*, and thus proclaiming to the world that we consider woman's sphere of labor and usefulness much more extensive than the bounds hitherto set by custom.

### A CELEBRATION.

THE REFORMED BROTHERHOOD, of this village, will publicly celebrate their birth day anniversary on Tuesday, the 17th day of this month, at two o'clock P. M., at the Wesleyan Church. An address will be delivered by T. W. Brown, of Auburn. In the evening of the same day, the Brotherhood design having a Supper at their Hall.

We are glad to see such zeal manifested by the Brotherhood, and to know that they are thus far successful in their efforts to save the drunkard. We hope our citizens will sustain and encourage them in the good work they have begun, and that a crowd will turn out on the 17th, to listen to the talk of the Chief of the Cayugas.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. R. R. STEELE, our Member of Assembly, for a copy of the Governor's Message in pamphlet form. Also to Hon. JOHN SWEEGLER, Auditor General of Michigan, for a copy of his Annual Report.

☞ We must again claim the indulgence of correspondents. More matter has accumulated on our hands than we can ever hope to publish in a little monthly paper. We shall ever give the preference to those from whom we have solicited regular contributions, and make choice of such other articles as suit us best. But though we cannot gratify all our friends by giving them a place on our Lily's leaves, they are none the less welcome to us. We can enjoy their company, listen to their talk, and receive benefit from their counsel even though others share it not. So, friends, write to us whenever the spirit moves you; and if you do not appear in our columns, believe it is from no disrespect to yourselves, but because we have exercised our right and duty by making choice of what we consider better adapted to the tastes and needs of our readers.

☞ Correspondents will greatly oblige our printers by writing on one side of the paper only.

Written for The Lily.

### LETTER FROM MRS. GAGE.

PUNCH—MADAM KOSSUTH.

Mount Airy, Jan. 14. 1852.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—I was mightily amused the other day with the London Punch caricatures of the Bloomers. Two tall, slim, gaunt women with long bodices, short-flounced skirts, and baggy trousers, and bonnets all afly, were parading the streets with cigars in their mouths, and puffing away quite like gentlemen.

Now if the Bloomer style is so ridiculous, why not let the true representation do its own work, and caricature itself?

It is a comical idea to me, that men must always portray us practicing their own favorite follies when they want to make us look horrible. They cannot get up a picture of a Woman's Rights meeting or any thing of the sort, but they must put cigars and pipes in our mouths, make us sit cross-legged, or hoist our feet above their legitimate position—making us behave as nearly as possible as disgustingly and unbecomingly as themselves. It is a beautiful commentary on their own lives and practices, is it not? Poor creatures! I pity them. They have so long claimed the exclusive privilege of being vulgar, and have so long associated their vulgar thoughts and feelings with their constitutional rights and privileges, that they seem to think them inseparable; and that if we are not kept good, clever, and modest by being kept ignorant, and under restraint, we shall take the largest liberty, and become just as bad as themselves; and so they get up awful caricatures, to scare us into our old places. There is no law in the land against woman's smoking and drinking, as much as men; but I don't see that they share those gentlemanly privileges to any great extent. Nor do I believe that wearing our dresses six or eight inches shorter, or having the right to think and act for ourselves, would have the best tendency to make us desire to share the undesirable, and obnoxious habits of our would-be lords and masters.

I noticed your remarks about sewing machines, in the last Lily. I have long thought that necessity and the inventive genius of the age, would soon be strong levers to help on the emancipation of our sex. Every encroachment that is made upon the few avocations hitherto considered in the legitimate sphere of woman, will drive her out into new and untried paths. Each and every one of which, will tend to develop in her, faculties and powers which have lain dormant for want of incentives to action. And thus will her needs become the rounds of the ladder to lead her up into a truer and higher life.

One word about Madam Kossuth's answer to the English Emancipationists.

It sounds to me very much like the speeches of some of our fashionables—"I have all the rights I want—if I had any more, I would not know what to do with them—I am sure I'm glad to have my husband take the management, and save me the trouble." Mrs. Kossuth, or the fashionables, may not have mind enough to lead them to even think of the emancipation of their own sex; because forsooth, they have "distinguished" husbands, or husbands that keep their wants well supplied. But their pettiness, or prettiness is no argument against the necessity of the emancipation of those whose hearts are crushed, and suffering beneath a weight of oppression and wrong that makes life almost a burthen.

No man ought ever to become "so distinguished," as to be the sole master, and controller of another, and I doubt much whether Madame Kossuth does not sometimes dare to think for herself. If she does not, she is not a meet wife for the Hungarian Emancipationist. Yours,

AUNT FANNY.

☞ H. H. TATOR, Esq. will please accept our thanks for copies of his Orations, commemorative of the characters of Martha Washington, and Alexander Hamilton.



[Correspondence of The Lily.]

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Your Lily for Jan. is just received. I have been looking for it, rather impatiently for a week; but perhaps this distressingly cold weather has kept it from blossoming at an earlier day. I don't care a fig, if I never get any bad news! but good news is always welcome, something for which we are always wishing and looking, and wondering why in the world it don't come along without waiting for a special invitation. The man who never wanted to get any more good news was last seen in a whiskey vat, muttering something about "natural instincts and congenial elements," and the blessedness of being permitted to do as he pleased in a spiritual world of his own.

Much obliged to you for not obliging me to wear a sober face when in the presence of your readers. There are altogether too many sober faces in the world for the world's good; or rather for the good of its inhabitants. If people would laugh more and groan less, the mountain of misery which is piled up in everybody's bosom, would soon dwindle to an ant-hill, and they would be altogether better, wiser and happier than they now are. Why, some folks are never happy only when they are perfectly miserable; and can bring every body about them into the same predicament. If they could only have their own way about the matter, they would envelope us all in a mantle of perpetual gloom, and let us listen to no music, but the solemn tolling of muffled bells. However, let them seek for happiness in their own way. Owls have just as good a right to hoot when surrounded by midnight darkness and gloom, as livelier birds have to sing when the sun rises. Commend me to your true philosophers who are ever seeking to equalize the lights and shadows of human life, to lessen its sorrows, and increase its joys.

Your Carson League paper, hailing from Syracuse, seems to be doing a world of good. Its Editor must be a real live man, possessing a heart of the largest kind; but I guess our Temperance Banner, edited by Mr. Addison, and published in Cleveland, is about an even match for it. If a hundred such papers could be sustained, where one is now, society might be completely revolutionized in five years; and dram shops, or "glory holes," as Mrs. C. used to call them, "be numbered with the things that were." A large amount of the vice and wretchedness beneath which the world now groans, would cease, with its cause, and thousands of human hearts be saved from a blight more withering than the curse of Cain. If people generally were as zealous in propagating their temperance, as they are their religious principles, they would soon learn by observation and experience, that this innate depravity, about which we hear so much preaching, is more habitual than natural, is often found connected with causes which can be controlled, than found growing spontaneously in the human heart. Every body knows that intemperance like all other vices, is gradually developed. It never instantaneously entwines its victim in its loathsome folds. The first glass of liquor of which a man drinks with a relish, obliterates the seal to his title deed of freedom. A subtle appetite, one of Satan's most efficient emissaries, has already begun to undermine his moral feelings; and unless he is surrounded by counteracting influences which are strong enough to save him, it will gradually stultify him of the noble attributes of manhood, and assimilate his nature to that of a beast. He knows that a drunkard's grave is dug for him by the side of the road to ruin; yet, having parted with his moral courage when commencing his career, he sees no chance for retreat, and rushes madly and blindly onward to bury his agony and shame within it. A cold shudder creeps over me whenever I see a man raise a glass of intoxicating liquor to his lips. He sees not the serpent that has coiled within it. He hears not the hoarse laughter of fiends rejoicing over another fallen spirit. He feels not the bitter and undying re-

morse which must eventually be produced by the reproaches of an awakening conscience; and knows not that he is preparing to sacrifice his manhood upon the loathsome altar of intemperance. Did he see, feel and hear these things, he would curse the glass, and dash it into atoms before raising it to his lips. Believe me thine,

HARRIET N. TORREY.

#### SHALL SICK WOMEN VOTE?

DEAR LILY: As thou hast permitted thy leaves to be sullied with a few sentiments that do not savor of equal rights, permit an humble reader to make them manifest; if by so doing, I can in the least forward the righteous cause thou art engaged in.

Thy worthy correspondent E. C. S., states (I am sure she must be ironical,) that when the privilege of voting is extended to women, she hopes the men will exclude all sickly women—the mother of all sickly children, &c.

Now, if she would not exclude sickly men too, from voting, this is discordant with her profession. But is she aware whence comes sickly women? if not always, too often. If "oppression maketh a wise man mad," what wonder if the frail fabric of woman should fall before it? But let us not still farther oppress the down-trodden.

There might be some reason for prohibiting sickly women from voting, as well as from many responsible social duties, if it arose from such a deficiency of brain that she knew no better than to lap her ribs, or collapse her liver by tight lacing.

But who can speak of woe like those who have felt sorrow? Yes, if her tongue is not too much palsied by disappointments keen. Many a woman that cannot lift a ten pound weight can utter for woman's cause "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." Tell me to whose effectual prayers, wafted to Heaven by tears and sleepless nights, we are indebted for the light that is now dawning on woman's lot? Who hath wept for the slain of the Daughters of my people? "And has not God chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty? And it is not by might nor power, saith the Lord, but by my spirit."

Who can view the deeply onerous duties, devolving on woman in the middle ranks of life, the great tax upon her strength, as a mother, a wife, without trembling not only for her health, but for her mental acquisition. And yet, in most instances, so much more does she endeavor to fulfil what she deems her duties to her husband and family than to herself, actually, that too often does she fall a victim thereto. From the wash tub and the cooking stove, to the drawing room and parlor, she is expected to be cheerful, though cares are crushing her body—her soul. Some might say, why does she not complain, and try to throw off this over taxed burden, that her husband seems so free from? Too well she knows the result of the least complaint. But some will say, 'she surely obtains his love, his sympathy, his care, his protection for all this.' If she did she would not thus suffer. Besides when did you see an oppressor love the being he oppressed. With all this, and still more, and more, why marvel at woman's pale face and puny children. But I add, political, social, moral or religious, she is the one, if any, that should vote.

AURORA.

#### WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

[From the Albany Evening Journal.]

The first Women's Temperance Convention met at Albany at 7 o'clock P. M., Wednesday, January 28th 1852. The meeting was called to order, and Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, of Oswego, was appointed President. The Convention was opened by a prayer from Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse. Mrs. M. Thompson, of Albany, and Mrs. Coachman, of New York, were appointed Vice Presidents. Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, and Mrs. L. N. Fowler, of New York Secretaries.

The President then read an address to the Ladies. The following business committee were chosen to draft resolutions for the Convention:—Mrs. L. N. Fowler, of New York; Miss Lydia Mott, of Albany; Mrs. Phebe H. Jones, of Troy; Miss Elizabeth Van Alstine, of Canajoharie; Miss Eliza M. Shove, of Easton, Washington county. The committee retired, and after a short interval reported through their Chairman, Mrs. L. N. Fowler, the following resolutions:—

Whereas, Intemperance is a monster evil in society, a curse preying like a canker-worm upon the interests of the family, changing love into hate, gentleness into fury, an angel into a demon, blasting the fondest hopes, blighting the loftiest intellects, and stultifying the noblest powers of the brain: Therefore be it

1st. *Resolved*. That more active measures than ever, be taken, during the coming year, to suppress the evil in every form.

2d. *Resolved*. That as Women are the immediate sufferers from the use of alcoholic stimulants, they be encouraged and urged to form organizations that shall adopt ways and means by which the happiness and humanity of the race may be promoted.

3d. *Resolved*. That as upon Women, the mothers of the race, devolves the task of moulding the infant mind, and giving tone and direction to the youthful character, it is their sacred and imperious duty to develop the appetites of their children as nearly as possible in accordance with nature, thereby preventing intemperance.

4th. *Resolved*. That as that holiest tie, a mother's love, and strongest restraint, a mother's influence, has often times utterly failed to prevent a child's ruin by the vice of Intemperance, we cease not to implore our law-makers to prohibit, under stringent penalties, the liquor traffic.

5th. *Resolved*. That we will wage a war of extermination against Alcohol and his legions; besiege his proudest citadels, nor rest from our labors until the last vestige of his reign be blotted out forever.

6th. *Resolved*. That as we are not the purse holders, but inasmuch as gold can be won by labor, we do not hesitate to use that manner of acquiring the means necessary to the carrying out of our plans of reform.

7th. *Resolved*. That for the purpose of combining and sustaining efforts in regard to Temperance, this Convention appoint a Central Committee of Correspondence, to be located at Rochester; and that Temperance Women in the different cities and villages of the State appoint Committees to correspond and co-operate with the Central Committee.

An address was read by Mrs. L. N. Fowler, of New York. Letters were read from Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, of Brattleboro, Vermont; Mrs. S. W. Browne, of Sacket's Harbor, Jefferson county, and other friends of the cause. Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, made an interesting and eloquent address, co-operating with the Women in their exertions, and urging them to renewed action.

Miss Susan Anthony, Mrs. H. Atillia Albro, of Rochester, and Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, of Oswego, were appointed to act as a central committee, to correspond with Temperance Women in different cities and villages of the State, to invite them to co-operate and combine their energies in this great Temperance Cause.

After a song by George W. Clark, of Rochester, it was resolved that the Convention adjourn to meet again at some future time and place, which the central committee would designate.

Mrs. MARY C. VAUGHAN, President.

Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, } Secretaries.  
Mrs. L. N. FOWLER, }

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.—This new candidate for public favor hails from Cincinnati, Ohio. It is edited with great ability by Elizabeth A. Aldrich, and devoted to the interests of American women. Published monthly at one dollar a year.



Written for The Lily.  
**THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE AND HOME.**

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

A sordid den with sloping roof, bare walls,  
 And unglazed windows, where the wintry winds  
 Entered unchecked, and with their chilling wings  
 Fanned the pale flick'ring light, that cast such  
 strange  
 Fantastic shadows over floor and wall,  
 As frightened the wan starving child, who shrank  
 Close to his shivering mother on the hearth  
 All fireless now, and cold as their crushed hearts—  
 Such was the home of two forsaken ones.

Bright were the looks that clustered o'er the  
 brow  
 Broad, fair, and full of thought, of that pale boy;  
 And eagle glances shot at times from out  
 The mournful depths of his large, night-hued  
 eyes,  
 In glorious beauty, strangely like to hers  
 Who bore him. The fixed and downcast gaze  
 Of that sad mother's eyes, that fell so still  
 Upon the cowering child, met not his own  
 With answering glance. Her thoughts were far  
 away,  
 Busy with memories of a brighter Past.

She dwelt not in that wretched home of want,  
 But trod her once loved father's halls;  
 And heard her sweet voiced mother's evening  
 notes;  
 And felt upon her head that father's hand  
 In blessing laid, ere she went forth to share  
 For weal or woe, the fate of him she loved.  
 She knelt a bride before the altar, and  
 Soft pearls and snowy flowers were in her hair;  
 The bridal veil fell like a silvery cloud  
 About her form, and shaded the soft light  
 Of love, that slept within her dreamy eyes,  
 And the rich flush that mantled cheek and brow.  
 The words that made her wife, seemed spoken  
 o'er,

Whispered congratulations then she heard,  
 And words of hope out-spoken, as gay friends  
 Gathered around her; and the murmured tones  
 She smiled, yet blushed, to hear, "MY OWN, OWN  
 WIFE!"

She saw the beauteous Paradise that love  
 Had decked, to form a fitting home of bliss;  
 She trod its halls, a loved and loving wife,  
 And peace seemed hovering o'er its vine-clad  
 walls,  
 And in its quiet chambers, nestled Joy.

Sweet were the memories of those early days  
 Of wedded life; but bitter waves of grief  
 Came rolling in, and washed those records out.  
 Then she saw naught save the black downward  
 path

Trod by her husband 'neath the Tempter's power.  
 Fresh to her mem'ry rushed that fatal night,  
 When first with reeling gait, and face all flushed,  
 And tongue that uttered strange blasphemous  
 words,

He whom with fond confiding love she'd deemed  
 Each manly virtue's incarnation proud,  
 Came staggering up her pleasant garden walk,  
 And fell, a senseless clod, upon the couch  
 Her hands had drawn close to the tidy hearth;  
 Where all was daintily arranged, that he  
 Might find his home the loveliest spot of earth.

Well mayst thou shudder poor forsaken one,  
 When recollection drags from out the past,  
 That 'wakening from thy bright dream of love.  
 Not all the sorrows of thy after lot—abuse,  
 Hunger, blows, curses, nor the thousand woes  
 That cluster round the drunkard's wife, and home,  
 Were aught in measure with that stunning blow.  
 She had loved, and striven, and hoped, and prayed,  
 Through years of woe, till love in tears was  
 quenched,

And hope died out, and naught but faith remained,  
 And trust in God; who to his children gives  
 This promise sure, to leave not, or forsake

The sorrowing soul that seeks sustaining grace,  
 And casts its burden on His mighty arm.

But now there had been poured the last black  
 drops

Into her brimming cup of grief. The worm  
 Long trodden on, had turned; and firm resolve  
 Was painted on her face, as from her knee  
 Bent in a long and earnest prayer, she rose,  
 Took by the hand her wondering boy, nor cast  
 One glance behind her, as she led him forth  
 Into the noise and glare of crowded streets,  
 Where, jostled rudely by the busy throng,  
 They wandered on, as utterly alone,  
 As if within the forest's deepest shades.  
 She had resolved—she never more would share  
 The drunkard's home. She bowed in sight of  
 God

No fealty to the wretch whose broken vows  
 Had made her worse than widowed, many a year.  
 She would go forth to seek new friends, and earn  
 By labor of her toil-brown hands—those tiny hands  
 That once had swept the harp-strings, and had  
 gleamed  
 With light of flashing gems—bread, and a home!  
 And she found friends and ready hands to aid.  
 Her life in peaceful industry wore on,  
 Her boy grew brave, and strong, and good, her  
 pride,  
 And the loved solacer of all her griefs.

So years passed on, and of the drunkard's fate  
 She had learned nothing, till she sat one eve  
 In glowing summer at her cottage door,  
 The calm contentment of a mind at peace  
 Beaming upon her face, and shining forth  
 From her mild eyes, and saw with lingering pace  
 Slow wandering up the village street, a man  
 Weary and travel-worn, and bowed, and pale  
 She could not trace his lineaments, and yet  
 Her heart leaped strangely forth to meet his own.  
 And well she knew that he she once had loved  
 Had sought her home to die. He was received  
 With strange, calm greeting. 'Neath the sient  
 sky,

Unheard but by the ear of God, her welcome fell  
 Upon his heart. There were heart-wrung tears.  
 Wild prayers for pardon, and the long, sad tale  
 Of weary struggles with the mighty power  
 Of frenzied appetite; of strong resolves  
 Oft made, and broken oft, but kept at last  
 When all too late: when life's strong citadel  
 Was sapped, and tottered on the brink of Death.

The morning saw a corpse beneath that roof,  
 He had but reached her home to die; to seek  
 Her words of pardon, and to hear her prayers  
 Ascend, as winged his soul its flight from earth.  
 OSWEGO, 1852.

Written for The Lily.

**MY MOTHER.**

MOTHER! What sound, what name so soft,  
 so rippling, so full of music; what heart so ten-  
 der as thine own? Where could thy daughter  
 weep so fitly as in thine arms, and then who can  
 so effectually pour the balm consolatory upon  
 wounded sensibilities as thou, dear one? I cannot  
 leave the theme, it is a thought so knit with  
 Heaven, that I love to dwell upon its sweet tones  
 so full of rapture and delight.

A father is a shield, a fortress strong; we  
 may lean upon his arm in safety, even amid the  
 fury of the wildest storm. When dangers press  
 on every hand, when gloom and foreboding dark-  
 ness gathers over the horizon of the soul, then  
 can we rest safe and secure beneath the shelter  
 of a father's protecting arm. But woe to son and  
 daughter when a father's love is once averted;  
 the stern unyielding oak bends not to the tender  
 breath of morning, but looks in quiet contempt up-  
 on the smitten shrubs that bow themselves to  
 earth at its feet. Thus a father's nature, when  
 his affections are once embittered is not easily  
 reclaimed.

But the fond mother, no matter how great an  
 injury her offspring may inflict, hers is the prov-  
 ince to love on, to forgive and forget. And let

the bitter cup of fate but press the lips of her  
 child who but a mother hastens so lovingly to our  
 relief, dashes the cup to earth, and folds us to  
 her heart. A father may cease to reproach us,  
 but a mother's kindly spirit feels every pang that  
 throbs in son or daughter's heart.

I ask not the friendship of her who wantonly  
 throws off the gently restraining influence of her  
 mother—who with a haughty mien pushes aside  
 a Mother's counsel, and careless of her feelings,  
 stalks queenly on in her own chosen pathway.

There are many others who have a place in  
 my heart,—others I love, perhaps too fondly;  
 but my MOTHER! where amid the poverty of  
 language are words to tell how doubly precious  
 is she to my soul—a love to which no other loves  
 are worthy of comparison, and sooner should this  
 existence cease, than I for one moment forget  
 her who didst invoke it.

BLANCHE.

LANSING, Mich. 1852.

**MORE SEIZURES UNDER THE LAW.**

PORTLAND, Dec. 29.

The Maine Liquor law in its potency this morn-  
 ing came down upon 19 casks and two half bar-  
 rels of liquor brought by the steamer St. Law-  
 rence from Boston. No resistance was offered  
 to the execution of the Law, and not a tear was  
 shed as the liquor was taken off by the police.—  
 Another large lot was seized on the premises of  
 Fevy and Dyer. William Reynolds was sent to  
 jail for selling liquor.

PORTLAND, Jan. 14.—About 40 casks of  
 liquor were seized on board steamer St. Law-  
 rence this morning. The Mayor searches every  
 steamboat and railroad train from Boston for  
 smuggled liquor.

**American Phrenological Journal.**

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